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ENGLAND ON THE BRINK OF REVOLUTION

By Aleister Crowley

(The author of the following brilliant article is not only a revolutionary thinker but is actually a revolutionist. The New York "Times" of July 13th gives a long account of how Aleister Crowley, accompanied by several patriotic Irishmen, renounced, in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, all allegiance to England and declared the birth of the Irish Republic. In the dawning light Crowley solemnly read the new Irish Declaration of Independence.)

YOU have all read that very interesting pendant to "Man and Superman," "The Revolutionists' Handbook," and are sure to remember how John Tanner points out that the British Constitution provides for government by revolution. Every seven years the Blues and the Buffs must have it out once more in the merry town of Eatanswill. The people, if they wish, can calmly and deliberately adopt slavery, cannibalism, and piracy as the national ethics. This is a natural enough state of affairs, for the framers of the Constitution were men actually engaged in revolutions. They were cutting beads from recalcitrant kings; even parliaments were liable to invasion by wart-nosed brewers with brains, ambition, and a faithful body of close-cropped, jack-booted, pious ruffians with long swords and more skill than scruple in using them. In order to enjoy similar effects without the trouble of resorting to these methods, the system of organized mob rule which passes in England and America for democracy was devised. As, however, people do not desire revolutions or even any sort of government, but only to be let alone to earn their living and to enjoy their lives, the practical result was imperceptible. Autocracy continued in a duller and less ambitious manner. The rulers of the country being a committee, and so having no body to kick, no soul to damn, and no mind to make up, nothing was ever done. The antagonism of parties was soon no more than a mask for secret agreement. In England, for over a hundred years, there has been no genuine party strife. Parnell was irreconcilable, and every one combined against him. No sooner did he gain the balance of power than one of the other parties conveniently split, and took it away from him. For he demanded the genuine article in revolutions; he really wanted freedom for Ireland. When he once again began to be dangerous, and further adjustments of party were inconvenient, they ingeniously forged letters to prove him to be a murderer. The weapon unfortunately recoiled, owing to the existence of an incorruptible judge upon the bench—it was generally recognized that he was a little mad! In despair, they published the adultery of the Irish leader; and the other 669 members of Parliament, most of whom were in the same boat, or one differing from it only in so slight a matter as sex, were properly horrified. Parnell had committed the Unpardonable Sin; which is, to take a serious interest in something that matters. For to do so might possibly upset the oligarchy; you never can tell; you cannot be too careful. You may flaunt a dozen girls from Daly's in the face of all Piccadilly; but you may not say a word in favor of allowing drunkenness as a ground for divorce. The Cabinet has had room for at least three avowed atheists at one time; and that Cabinet upheld the prosecution of a perfectly harmless ass for the "blasphemy" of repeating the commonplaces of the sixpenny books of the Rationalistic Press Association. As long as you are gentlemanly, and show no desire to upset anything or anybody, you can do as you please. I am personally acquainted with a literary volcano who is in constant eruption. Poems, plays, stories, essays, tumble scoriatically from his crater, and all either conceal the most obscene jests, or openly celebrate and advocate the most abominable crimes known to the law. But he is of good family and has plenty of money; he drinks and smokes as a gentleman should; he is a very agreeable dinner companion; and he takes the most optimistic view of society, regarding it as being no less corrupt than himself. Consequently, even when his personal enemies (who are no class) take his books to the police, the guardians of morality can find no fault in that just person.

On the other hand, Frank Harris, who is considered a little dangerous, owing to his associating with people like Ben Tillett, who might conceivably throw a real bomb, has about as much liberty of speech as a dumb-waiter, and is hounded out of England on the first pretext that comes handy.

Bernard Shaw is at last taken with some seriousness; he has been discovered to be an independent thinker; and he is reported to be in danger of his life.

There is a very excellent story which illustrates the English temper. At a post not far from the firing line some soldiers are having a smoking concert. A few German prisoners are present. The officer in charge is called away for a few moments, and returns to find the sergeant-major announcing, "Our friends, 'Ans an' Fritz, will now oblige with the 'Ymn of 'Ate." This is admirably characteristic of (1) the absolute good-humor of the outdoor type of Briton and his incapacity to feel resentment, (2) the bomb-proof complacency which makes it incredible to him that any one should hate him.

Indeed one cannot hate this type of Englishman. Learoyd, Ortheris and Mulvaney are as lovable as any characters in fiction. The hateful, the loathsome, the despicable Englishman is not of the old aristocracy, or of the peasantry, or of the working classes except in rare cases of corruption by cheap literature; he is of the mean, petty, cheating, hypocritical tradesman type; and unfortunately it is this type that rules the country. The Norman was strong and crafty, but also true, brave and generous; in modern England he has been shouldered out of the Government. For one thing, he was himself too much like a revolutionary to please the plum-duff minds of the majority.

We must go back a little in history to see how England has dealt with her revolutionaries. With private persons the method has been always the same. The ruling class wished to be left in peace to exploit the slave class, and the slaves were so comfortable, on the whole, and so mindful of what happened to them when their masters fell out (as in the War of the Roses and the Civil War), that they were always ready to lend solid support to the party in power. As it happened, however, there have always been certain quite unassimilable elements in the Kingdoms. The Celt is utterly opposed in race, temperament, language, and disposition to the Saxon. He is a mountaineer, and has all the pride and independence which the breeze blows from the hills. For centuries he robbed the long-suffering lowlander, wealthy, cowardly, and corrupt. This state of

things was not ended until 1745, when General Wade made military roads through the Highlands and deliberately laid waste the country. The similar intentional depopulation of Ireland needs no description in an essay primarily intended for American readers. Each one of them has at least three friends whose grandfathers were either starved out or persecuted out of Ireland. However, there is a limit to which even England can go in the way of wholesale massacre, and the Celts, being both brave and intelligent, soon sent over many men capable of conquering the British government by the simple process of taking charge of it. They could not be kept out; and the only condition required of them was that they should behave themselves in their new position. There were but few so endowed with that rarest and most unhappy gift, the determination to stand for truth and justice, that they unselfishly refused the shameful bargain. Or, they were to some extent befooled by the political idea that they could use their power to obtain better terms for their less fortunate compatriots. So even to-day we see people like John Redmond completely nobbled, and the trust of the people betrayed. Had John Redmond struck for Irish independence in August last, they would not have dared to imprison him. But there would have been certain dinner parties at which he would no longer have been welcome. In such silken cords does England net the swordsmen!

Very similar tactics have been used in the matter of social revolution. Leigh Hunt was imprisoned long ago, but when it was found that not only Shelley, whose father was a baronet, but Byron, actually a peer, were behind him, the affair was smoothed over. Later rebels of all kinds were hushed rather than suppressed. The idiotic treatment of Charles Bradlaugh stands out as almost the only exception to the rule. Whenever any spirit showed a gleam of the true fire, it was extinguished by flattery. Kind sympathizing friends, exquisitely dressed, pointed out quite truly that there was no real harm in soap and water, that a clean collar improved the appearance, that a frock coat with a gardenia, pearl-grey trousers and a sapphire pin in an Ascot necktie, did really make life easier in London. It was much less troublesome and much more effective than the "Scavenger's Daughter" of the Middle Ages. The man himself did not know that he was fettered; did not understand why he had lost the confidence of the class which he would have given his life to help!

There is unfortunately an objection to even the softest cushioned Callipyge sitting on the safety-valve. It is an obvious one. The poison of discontent is cumulative in its effects. The Plantagenets and the Tudors and the Stuarts were on the whole less intolerable than the Georges. Mr. Layton Crippen, in his superb picture of ancient and modern life, "Clay and Fire," has shown, Titianesque, the warmth and color of the Middle Ages, the greyness of our own times. Life in the fifteenth century might be full of fear and anxiety, of misery and disease and hardship, but people had leisure, and life held all the interest of mystery. To-day everything is commonplace, unless one can reach out beyond science to the dangerous edge of the Unknown. And only a few very specially gifted, and sufficiently wealthy people, can do this. It is harder to get out of the rut than ever before. Captain J. F. C. Fuller attributes many modern "inexplicable" crimes to the revolt of the soul from the boredom of daily toil. When adventure was possible, one endured. At any moment a dragon might arrive from the next country, or a Knight in Green Armor drop in for a stirrup-cup, or one might meet a Little Old Woman who would grant Three Wishes. Even if one is being oppressed, there are more fun and more self-respect in having a One-Eyed Ogre to do it. Nowadays the "clear light of knowledge" shows that none of these things can happen any more; even denies that they even did happen, and so removes the ray of hope that what has happened once may happen again. As folk-lore died, the interest of people centred on the game of war; and as wars went out of fashion, the only adventure left was crime.

So we came to the gentleman burglar story, from the realistic beginning in "Jonathan Wild" to the romantic climax in "Raffles" and "Arsène Lupin." It is only in the last 30 years that snobbery has obtained so complete a strangle-grip, so that these common cheats and thieves are described as "such perfect gentlemen."

It is impossible to depict the sodden hopelessness of the English for the past ten years. The atmosphere has been depressing beyond potassium bromide. Everybody had a remedy, socialism (one man one kind of socialism), diet reform, dress reform, every type of vague irrelevant quack nostrum. Only a poet or a philosopher here and there recognized the symptoms of the disease, and diagnosed it as the melancholia caused by impotence. The joy of life had fled utterly away, and was no more. "Merrie England," its boys and girls dancing round the Maypole, was dead. The Puritans had removed that "stynnkynge ydolle." Great Pan was dead, and an exceeding bitter cry tore the throats of the children. They were to be forbidden the unique pleasure of life, the one thing that makes it worth living, the exercise of the creative faculty. For only in this does man re-enter heaven, and feel himself once more manifest as the image of God. So whether this faculty is used on the physical plane as love, or on the spiritual plane as art or religious ecstasy, it is forbidden in England. The great secret of autocracy is that "religion" and "morals" are only fetters for common folk. Hence the distrust of poets such as Shelley, who wanted all men to be free to love. More recently, Wilde threatened to popularize the Oxonian type of "immorality," and was crushed.

"We come even unto the New Chapel and Thou didst bear away the Holy Grail beneath Thy Druid vestments.

"Secretly and by stealth did we drink of the informing sacrament.

"Then a terrible disease seized upon the folk of the grey land; and we rejoiced."

So speaks one of the Holy Books of the initiates of a certain secret cult. The disease is presumably boredom; the monotony of life. Even the hope of so exciting an experience as Billy Sunday's hell had been ravished from the parched lips of a multitude too listless even to enjoy the thrill of fear.

It is not of such stuff that revolutions are made. The proverb says that they cannot be made with rosewater; and ditchwater is worse. The history of the spirit is that of a nerve or a muscle; when it is teased it reacts, for a certain time, more and more strenuously. After that time it tires, until not even the greatest shock can stir it. Under the oppression of the Tudors the manhood of England was in no wise diminished; you had only to whisper "The King of Spain," and somebody jumped right up and singed his beard. The spirit of the nation was indeed so high that a very trifling tax precipitated revolution; and, if I understand American history, George Washington revolted because they charged him thirty cents for a cup of English Breakfast Tea. But with a Callipyge so ponderous as Queen Victoria on the safety-valve, even modern England might have exploded. No; for the wily old lady, before taking her seat, had used the precaution to let down the fires. Her sodden sentimentality, her cotton-wool prudery, her spineless morality, and her suety religion made England chaste as Klingsor, and honest as an Armless Wonder.

Have you ever observed the effects of the torture called Vigiliarum? It is a very simple experiment to perform. All you have to do is to take a man and exhaust him; then, when he begins to fall asleep, interfere with the process. At first he resents it; for a time this becomes more acute; presently it diminishes, until the man is like a log, and no longer responds to any stimulus. You would think your fun was over; but no! After a certain period the victim suddenly discharges a second reserve of force in his brain; he starts up a murderous maniac with the strength of fifty men, and unless you have previously secured him in an adequate manner, your trifle of science may prove extremely dangerous.

This condition has already been seen on one occasion; the French Revolution. There was no clear unity of purpose or idea in that frenzy; the blind giant in his agony struck at foe and friend alike. It was just the utter helplessness of the beast, the lack of constructive thought, that made his rage so dangerous. The moment that Napoleon's master mind seized it and harnessed it, imposed his will on it, France became sane again. The dogmas of Jacobinism were forgotten in five years; a simple, sensible, practical code based on the facts of life instead of on abstract principles of "Justice" was accepted as a matter of course, and has survived not only the other half of Bonapartism, but several distinct types of revolution.

Let us see whether we can discover any parallel between the France of 1793 and the England of to-day. England had been reduced to the penultimate stage in 1900. The Boer War did not

arouse the martial spirit. Lloyd George without a qualm fastened the last fetters on the limbs of the workmen; he hardly needed the velvet of old-age pensions to cover the cold iron. He labelled the slave, made him keep his own record, and even made him help to pay for it.

With a pace stately and fast
Over English land he past,
Trampling to a mine of blood
The adoring multitude.

And now there comes a real war. One might have expected the whole nation to flame into arms. Not a bit of it! The piteous posters, idly watched by cigaretted loungers, or read dully by the stolid, contemptuous, hopeless eyes of the men-slaves to whom toil had become the only thing in life, pleaded and still plead like bedraggled charity beggars. The press set the trumpet to its lips and blew; all we heard was a squeak like a rag doll's. The fact is that the people did not want the war. Even the violent anti-German "John Bull," the weekly with the largest circulation in England, came out at the time of the Austrian ultimatum with the placard "To Hell with Servia." Its editor, Horatio Bottomley, is probably the most popular man in the country among the lower middle and working classes and of all politicians most sure and quick to apprehend and to express the silent thought of the average man. Once the die was cast, he shouted with the biggest crowd, like Mr. Pickwick, and roared to beat Bottom himself. But his first mood was the genuine thought.

The idea of fighting on behalf of the miserable assassins of Serajevo seemed to everybody the last word in madness. But even when the tale of the invasion of Belgium came to London, when rape, mutilation, cannibalism and torture filled the columns of the papers, did the people turn a hair? They cared exactly nothing. They probably believed the lies of the press; but did not see how it concerned them. They were very annoyed because it interfered with the traditional holiday season; but all they felt was just the dull resentment of a sleeping man in a railway carriage when a jolt half wakes him. Now this was all wrong. It showed nervous exhaustion, the last stage before mania. For, believing those press lies, the healthy reaction should have been a giant rage to avenge humanity, and crush the "barbarous Huns." The spirit of manhood should have flamed up like that of Peter when they came to arrest his Master. Instead, the idea of the man in the street was to let France and Russia do the fighting. The sending of the little expeditionary force (to its inevitable annihilation) was regarded as a work of supererogation, a particularly sporting thing to do. The navy of course would take the necessary police measures. At a chosen spot on the North Sea the German fleet would be surrounded and blown out of the water. Jolly old Jellicoe would go into battle with the signal "To-day's the day" and die in the arms of Lord Charles Beresford at the moment of victory with the remark, "Dear old Charlie."

But fight ourselves? Not much. Bad enough having to pay three times the usual price for Potassium Bichromate to color "Tomato Soup" with; fighting be damned! Hence the passionate, almost Evangelical, belief in the one and a half million Russians who were being transported through the country, with the secrecy and dispatch of the telegraph service! I used to point out that Archangel is served by a single line of railway, and that to move even 10,000 troops would take six weeks at least. I might have saved my breath. The name Archangel suggested Michael, I suppose, and everybody knows the Grand Duke Michael.

The White Feather campaign, the hogwash of Harold Begbie, Wells, Bennett, and the Waterloo Bridge Road school of literature in general, the crazily hysterical appeals of the war posters, the sexual inducements, all fell flat. (In the meanwhile France and Germany were methodically, silently, adequately organized for war with no more discord than exists in a well-trained football team.)

The practical men gave up the voluntary idea. England would not wake up; it must be kicked up. (Of course, it was the fault of previous governments. They had deliberately set themselves to break the manhood of the people; and it is stupid to curse one's bullock for his failure at stud.) So Mr. Lloyd George put on his shooting boots, and prepared to kick. Senator Beveridge describes the situation in language which I cannot hope to better:

So acutely was the government embarrassed in conducting the war because of shortage of material and equipment, that toward the middle of March the most drastic and autocratic law ever passed by any legislative body in British history was enacted. Broadly speaking, this law gave the government absolute power to take over and conduct the whole or any part of the industry of Great Britain.

The factories were not turning out proper quantities of munitions. Ship-building firms were working on private contracts. There had been no general voluntary adjustment of manufacturing to changed conditions, as in Germany and France.

But, while employers were blamed for selfishness and profit hunger, the weightiest blows of censure fell upon the heads of British laborers. Thus the government armed itself with Czar-like powers of compulsion over British industry.

The government considered this revolutionary statute so necessary that Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, assured the House of Commons that "the success of the war depends upon it." Lord Kitchener, from his place in the House of Lords, told Parliament and the nation that military operations had "been seriously hampered by the failure to obtain skillful labor and by delays in the production of the necessary plants"; and, complaining of labor indifference and trade-unions' restrictions, he grimly declared that the Commandeering bill, as this extreme socialistic measure was popularly called, was "imperatively necessary."

The newspapers were swift to see and frank to state the profound change which this law wrought in British conditions; and justified it only upon the ground of deadly emergency. The *Daily Mail* said that the law established "a sort of industrial dictatorship."

The *Daily Express* asserted that "The new bill is, of course, State Socialism. That must be accepted."

The *Daily Express*, in discussing another subject announced that: "Parliamentary government has temporarily come to an end in Great Britain."

That was in March. At the end of July the situation is nothing bettered but is rather grown worse. It really never occurred to people that this was going to be anything but a toy war, with corpses complete, in box, five shillings and sixpence. So the nation drifted to a point where even its powdered and plushed lackeys in the American press could not conceal the whole truth. Here is part of an editorial from the lickspittle New York *Times*.

The English Labor Crisis

"The British Government has served its ultimatum on English labor. To the utmost limit of their capacity the factories producing war munitions must have efficient workmen, willing to do full time and no 'slacking.' The leaders of organized labor have undertaken in seven days to raise a volunteer army of workmen sufficient to supply the Government's demands. If they fail, the Government will have to consider compulsion.

"That is the ultimatum delivered by David Lloyd George in the speech with which he introduced in the House of Commons the so-called War Munitions Bill, a measure which in effect imposes martial law upon so much of British industry as the needs of war require. Besides providing for a volunteer army of workmen to man the factories, who shall enlist like soldiers but wear no uniforms, the bill makes strikes and lockouts illegal, and creates local boards, composed of employers and employes, half and half, presided over by Government Chairmen, which shall sit as final courts, almost like courts-martial, to settle all disputes as to wages, hours and profits, and suspend any trade-union rules that tend to limit output. That is the crux of the whole matter. Nothing shall be tolerated that limits output.

"Thus comes at last to a head a situation which has occasioned profound chagrin in England.

"Military men are for dressing labor in khaki by force and making it subject to discipline, as soldiers are. To this Arnold Bennett acutely retorts: 'You won't change the nature of Clyde men by calling them conscripts. Supposing a shopful of conscripts down tools, what are you going to do? Shoot them? Try it. The dream of getting skilled labor and continuous industry by compulsion is full of nothing but the gravest social danger.'

"The sense of that is obvious. You can compel a capitalist to operate his plant on Government orders at full capacity merely by threat of taking possession of it; but you cannot compel a skilled workman to work his best, to work full time, to work for certain wages, or to work at all. If you threaten to shoot him—why, that is no compulsion. He is not in the Congo. He is in England. The threat will not be executed. So, in one breath the Government threatens compulsion and exhorts him to do his duty. There is still hope that he will respond. There is very grave doubt as to whether he can be requisitioned."

Of course it is not difficult to foresee the course of events. They will not shoot the workman; they will keep on nagging at him. He will suddenly come to the end of his patience, run amuck, and burn the rags of the British Flag, and of the British Constitution, on the altars of Anarchy.

BUILDING UP THE BUSINESS OF HUMAN DESTRUCTION

By George Sylvester Viereck

ARTICLE II.—THE FACTORIES OF THE GREAT WAR

How American Manufacturers Are Turning from Peaceful Trade, of Value to the World and the Well-Being of Humanity, to the Trade of War. Millions from Contracts for Cannon, Guns, Shrapnel and Shells for the Killing of Human Beings.

DURING six months of the war, ending with February, according to an estimate made by the New York *World*, the Allies had contracted for $400,000,000 worth of war munitions. By June, according to the *Exporter's Review*, these orders had been delivered and the contracts had reached, according to certain authorities, $1,500,000,000. Inasmuch as manufacturers of war supplies are generally averse to any public notice of their present business, it is impossible even remotely to estimate the extent of orders so far placed. Certain specific instances of large contracts may afford some idea of the enormous extent of the industry of social disintegration and world destruction which has sprung into being in America.

In order to fill their contracts corporations are investing hundreds of millions of dollars in plants and equipment for the making of war material. The investment in buildings alone, in which guns and explosive shells are to be made, is incalculable. To what will their industries devote themselves when the European War is over? Will the shell-and-gun-making machinery, costing millions of dollars, cease to operate? Will the capital thus invested be permitted to lie idle and cease to bring profit?

While the nations of Europe have been engaged in their deadly struggle, we have seen the development of a mighty trust dealing in the manufacture and sale of the tools of death in America.

When the European hostilities cease, is it logical to assume that the gentlemen who have profited by war traffic will be content to have their profits stop? Will punctilious scruples prevent them from maintaining a war lobby in Washington? Will principles of humanity withhold them from sending agents to the mercurial republics in South America to foment revolutions? A war between the United States and Japan would keep the wheels of their industry running.

We believe that the continuance and development of this mighty business in the machinery of war is not only an unneutral and unfriendly act to the people of Germany, but a menace—and one of the most formidable in all history—to the future peace and weal of the races of mankind.

In the columns of certain newspapers throughout the United States may be constantly found editorials on the prosperity brought by America's industry in munitions of war. These same papers have been conspicuous in their bias toward the British Allies and their unconcealed bitter prejudice against Germany. Many of these papers have editorially advocated war. We do not believe that the people of America have been misled or influenced by these tales of ill-gained prosperity.

All Americans know that a group of comparatively few men profit by war contracts. Americans know, too, that Great Britain's holding up of our trade with foreign nations outweighs any prosperity that may come from this hideous traffic. The working-people of America feel the economic pinch of war, and although Mr. Chas. Schwab's pockets may plethorically swell with blood-stained gold, we do not believe that any false gratification blinds the vast body of right-thinking Americans to the criminal immorality of this traffic or to the awful tragedy of the battlefields of Europe, in which this nation, by supplying arms, partakes.

The War "Boom"—and Its Background of Death

The Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* of June 23rd said:

"The 'war boom' has hit Pennsylvania like a tidal wave. Every day some new firm announces great orders for munitions that mean employment for thousands. This gun company has a million rifles to make; that one 1,500 big gun parts. *A corporation making steel cars in times of peace is getting ready to turn out shells for 6-inch guns; another that builds locomotives is adding shrapnel to its products.* The sharpest example is in Chester. There 23,000 workmen are to be taken on to fill orders for arms and ammunition in the Eddystone plant of the Baldwin Locomotive Company. This 'boom' condition is expected to last two years, according to present orders; and it is reflected in the real estate field by plans for 2,000 new homes made necessary by this small army. From all these signs it is easy to believe that Europe's buying agents have taken the field with a rush, that England and Russia are spending $500,000,000, France $400,000,000 and Italy $100,00,000."

Probably the largest order for war supplies in this country has been placed with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. The ammunition and ordnance contracts given by Lord Kitchener to Mr. Schwab are said to exceed $150,000,000. The latest order was for 1,000,000 lyddite shells. These deadly missles are being delivered, it is said, at the rate of 4,000 a day.

A test made by Capt. Scott, a British ordnance officer, illustrates the destructive power of this new style of shell. A single shell was projected into a field a mile and a half distant, in which seven cows were scattered over an area of about an acre. Every cow was killed by the explosion. So powerful is the explosive that the crucible steel shell does not burst into fragments, but into tiny bits which carry death to everything within 100 yards of the bursting point. *Can the President of the United States assume to ask the Government of Germany to stop its submarine warfare to merchant ships when missles such as these, meant for the annihilation of German soldiers, are being shipped at the rate of 4,000 per day from the ports of the United States?*

The Bethlehem Steel Company at the present time is said to be turning out 85,000 shells a day. Of these 35,000 are shrapnel shells and 50,000 one pounders. All the one pounders are being made at the Bethlehem plant, besides about 12,000 shrapnel shells a day. The shrapnel output has recently been increased from 35,000 daily to 50,000 and the output of 38,000 is being turned out by sub-contractors, the largest of which is the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, Pa.

Sub-contracts for turning out the shells have been let to nearly every worth-while machine shop in Pennsylvania and other States, including, it is said, the Carpentier Steel Plant at Reading; the Ingersoll at Easton; the Carnegie shops at Pittsburgh, and a number of plants in New England. After being machined they are shipped to Readington, where on its proving grounds the Bethlehem Steel Company has established a fuse factory, where the shells are loaded. About 100 girls, men and boys are employed at the loading plant. The force will soon be increased to 2,000.

Mr. Schwab's "Satisfaction"

So as to increase the capacity to furnish 50,000 shells a day, a new shrapnel building is to be erected in Bethlehem. It will be 800 feet long and 260 feet wide and will be finished in 30 days, by which time the machinery will be ready. It is planned to begin the manufacture of shells under its roof before the sides can be placed. In this building alone about 12,000 shells a day will be turned out.

Among its various orders, the Bethlehem Steel Company received one for 8,000 cannon from Lord Kitchener. Mr. Schwab recently inspected the works of Bethlehem. "He viewed with satisfaction the vast additions to many departments, in which it is now possible to double, triple and in some cases quadruple the output of war

munitions over the output of six months ago," said the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "And yet he is not entirely satisfied and is planning to further increase the output."

We do not doubt that Mr. Schwab would ardently support President Wilson by any and all means in his power, in any attempt to induce, cajole or force Germany to relinquish her sole means of submarine defense against the delivery and use of Mr. Schwab's manufacture, nor do we believe that Mr. Schwab would be averse, out of his fat profits to give any vital support to the administration, so long as, in way and by whatever policy it favors his best customer.

The Town of the Apocalypse

A visit to the little town of Bethlehem, Pa., is impressive. It presents a spectacle of thriving prosperity and indefatigable activity. Forty thousand workmen are now said to be employed in the vast works. Wages are high. The town, within the past months, has enjoyed a tremendous boom. People are getting rich. Prices have gone up. By night the heavens are reddened by the belching red blast of forges. Miles distant the heavens are sinisterly aflame. For five miles one passes plants where molten steel is steadily running from mighty crucibles. Day and night men are employed in this ceaseless, tireless labor of casting tools of war.

It is a far call from the little town of Bethlehem to the battlefields of Europe. Against this picture of thrivingly prosperous Bethlehem, with the heavens ablaze with a glow red as blood at night, rises a picture of a battlefield in Europe. This picture, reported by Karl H. von Wiegand as it was given by a German general, is a gruesome one. But before one the ghastly scene of death glows the reflected fire of the forges of Bethlehem.

"On the ground between the Lorette Heights to Neuville and the 'Labyrinth,'" the general said, "are perhaps 10,000 unburied or partly buried dead. The stench is pestilential. By means of a hose we've thrown creosote or quicklime upon those nearest our trenches. As a matter of self-preservation both sides appear lately to have come to a silent, unspoken agreement to bury those nearest at night. It's ghastly beyond imagination. Words can't portray to the mind that picture; by day and night white eyes staring out of faces burned coal black by the sun. There are places where there are veritable piles of bodies. As the days and weeks go by they shrivel and shrink together until they look little more than heaps of old clothes. Those silent heaps are more weird by moonlight than by day. I wish those who cause and make war with indifference would be put in the 'hell of death' between Neuville and the Lorette Heights for a little while."

These pictures, of Bethlehem, Pa., and the scene of battle in France, are not exaggerated in their relation of cause and effect. Here is the virtual and hideous truth. For a day's shipment of 4,000 terrifically explosive lyddite shells and 35,000 shrapnel must be counted a holocaust of slain human beings.

Mr. Schwab, his directors, and the holders of stock in the Bethlehem Steel Co., receive their profit. This profit is stained with the blood of human beings. This profit comes from participation in a crime of such colossal scale as has never been witnessed in the world's history. This profit comes from supplying the tools of world murder.

The Bethlehem Steel Co., and all concerns thus engaged, are supplying fuel to the war, and are prolonging the war.

Will the people of America continue to permit vast industries to engage in the business of abetting murder between nations or will they not demand that this government stop the manufacture and shipment of the means to kill?

Only when such businesses as these cease, will war cease. Only by crushing this hydra-headed industry, ere it becomes too formidable, will future wars be made impossible. It is the duty of the people of America, not only as a matter of neutrality and justice, to stop the making of the tools of war, but to the future peace and wellbeing of the entire world.

—*From Simplicissimus.*

WILL UNCLE SAM INSIST UPON HIS "RIGHTS"?

"No American has the right to offer his body as a shield . . . on a vessel carrying ammunition of war."—From the Resolutions adopted at Madison Square Garden by One Hundred Thousand Friends of Peace.

Locomotives Give Way to Rifles

The Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia is reported to have closed a $3,000,000 contract with the Remington Arms and Ammunition Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., under which it will turn out 1,500,000 rifles for the Russian Army. The Locomotive

Works, according to the terms of the contract, is to turn over to the Remington Company the use of its highly organized mechanics at its plant at Eddystone, Pa. The Eddystone plant of the Locomotive Works is one of the largest near Philadelphia. New buildings will be erected which will cost approximately $750,000. As compensation, Baldwins will receive a royalty of $1 on each rifle turned out and the building and equipment at the fulfillment of the contract. This will mean a profit of one and one-half million dollars. Do the directors of Baldwins count the cost of lives?

Baldwins are said to have received many sub-contracts for the manufacture of munitions from other concerns. Some of the officials of Baldwins who will profit by this death-dealing industry are conspicuous members of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. They are noted for a sort of spectacular piety and charity and were large contributors to the campaign of Billy Sunday, when he went to the City of Brotherly Love. When they fill their well-financed pews at church on Sundays will they feel no guilt of blood? Will the sawdust trail of Sunday and its converts take from them the blame of abetting murder and spreading means of death?

"War daily is adding to the prosperity of Philadelphian workingmen and Philadelphian manufacturers who are turning out supplies of every war necessity imaginable for the Allies," said the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, a paper fulsomely pro-British and employing editors of British birth and sympathies. According to the *Ledger*, the Fox Gun Co. of Philadelphia received an order for one million gun barrels. The *Ledger* says that fiscal agents of the Allies, in many instances, have offered to finance manufacturers in new equipment and enlargement, provided they give the assurance of prompt deliveries.

The J. G. Brill Company, of Philadelphia, which was engaged in the peaceful manufacture of cars and trucks, is said to have closed a contract with the Russian Government for $1,000,000 worth of steel shells. While the company has been manufacturing field kitchens and field hospital ambulances for the Allies, it has been turning out, according to the Philadelphia *Ledger*, ammunition wagons and big quantities of shrapnel.

"The expansion at Brills, it is said," says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "contemplates the installation of a score or more furnaces in which the steel is heated to a temperature of 200 degrees. Each of these furnaces, it was said, would have a capacity of 40 billets of steel. With this equipment the company would be able to turn out large quantities of shells daily. Where Brills lost out in orders for car construction this spring and summer by the business depression lasting over the winter, they are said to have recouped richly through war orders. Six months ago the Brill shops were working about 50 per cent. of capacity with about 1,600 men employed and with work sufficient to run at that capacity for six months. A cut of ten per cent. in salaries of officers and salaried employees was made and the working day was shortened by closing at 4:30 instead of 6. Conditions are now reported reversed, with about 3,000 men working full time and sufficient orders piled up to keep all hands busy many months ahead."

The steel business in Pittsburgh has boomed tremendously because of war orders. One concern received an order for $25,000,000 worth of steel equipment. Steel mills in the Pittsburgh district received within the last week in June orders for projectile steel which was offered at $31 a ton, but latest sales are said to have been made aggregating 75,000 tons. Early in the year steel of this grade was at $38. According to the *Iron Age* orders from 60,000 to 70,000 tons of round bars for shrapnel and for gun barrels were placed in Pittsburgh the first week in June.

Tin-plate mills in the district also are receiving foreign orders for quick delivery, enough having been booked, it is reported, to keep mills in operation the remainder of the year. The McKeesport tin-plate company has begun construction of a twenty-mill addition to its plant, and the East Canonsburg Tin Plate Company has started work on a twelve-mill addition.

Among the companies which entered into agreements for the furnishing of munitions, according to the *Iron Trade Review*, is the Crucible Steel Co. of America, which is reported as having booked, through J. P. Morgan & Co., for $150,000,000 worth of shells.

The General Electric Company, of New York, it is said, has completed negotiations with the Allied governments, through J. P. Morgan & Co., for the manufacture of shrapnel and high explosive scales on one of the greatest scales undertaken by any American corporation. The total value of the order, it is claimed, will amount to at least $100,000,000.

According to a director of the General Electric Company the concern is in a position to turn out shells at an enormous daily rate. These shells will be manufactured in the company's plants at Schenectady, N. Y.; Harrison, N. J.; Pittsfield, Mass.; Lynn, Mass., and Fort Wayne, Ind. Charles Steel, a partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., is a director of the General Electrical Co.

One Shell, Cost $14; Human Lives ——?

While the reports of many war orders have not been confirmed, it is said on responsible authority that the American Locomotive Co. has actually concluded negotiations with the British Government for the manufacture of 5,000,000 shrapnel shells. Half of these are to cost $14 each, and the rest $12.50 each, making a total of approximately $66,250,000.

According to the New York *Tribune* the American Locomotive Co. also concluded a contract to furnish the Russian Government with $65,000,000 worth of shrapnel shells. Half of this order goes to the Locomotive Company and the other half is divided equally between the New York Air Brake Co. and the Westinghouse Air Brake Co.

The Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co. is said to have equipped its plants at Franklin, Pa., for the manufacture of 300,000 shells.

The Wheeling Mould & Foundry Co. is said to have sub-contracted for machining steel bars for shells.

Negotiations were begun early in the year for an $83,000,000 order for shrapnel and howitzer shells to be placed by the Russian Government with the Canadian Car and Foundry Co. According to the terms which were scheduled early in April, sub-contracts were to be let by the Canadian Company to American manufacturers, to the amount of $21,724,000.

On June 27th W. W. Butler, of Montreal, vice-president of the Steel Foundries of Canada and the Canadian Car and Foundry Co., arrived in New York on the American Liner *Philadelphia*, from Liverpool. Mr. Butler said that he had closed the $80,000,000 order in Petrograd and that the various plants which had been engaged would begin manufacturing 5,000,000 high-power shells immediately. The sub-contracts to be placed in the United States, according to the specifications, were listed as follows:

Hydraulic Pressed Steel Co., Cleveland, O.	$475,000
American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, O.	930,000
Barney & Smith Car Co., Dayton, O.	1,122,000
Page & Storms Drop Forge Co., Chicopee, Mass.	202,500
American Car & Foundry Co., New York	96,000
Dayton Mfg. Co., Dayton, O.	463,000
Federal Pressed Steel Co., Milwaukee, Wis.	1,350,000
Northern Electric Co., Montreal, Canada	275,000
United Lead Co., New York	280,000
Recording & Computing Machine Co., Dayton, O.	6,000,000
King Powder Co., King's Mills, O.	130,000
American Tube & Stamping Co., Bridgeport, Conn.	67,500
Michigan Brass & Copper Co., Detroit, Mich.	2,400,000
American Brass Co., Kenosha, Wis.	375,000
Auto Parts Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.	650,000
Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vt.	650,000
Consolidated Mfg. Co., Toledo, O.	550,000
Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt.	15,000
Wallace Barnes Co., Bristol, Conn.	35,900
Lavigne Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.	21,000
Draper Co., Hopedale, Mass.	14,000
Pope Mfg. Co., Westfield, Mass.	42,000
The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., New York City	71,000
American Powder Works Co., Boston, Mass.	50,000
Corbin Screw Corporation, New Britain, Conn.	52,000
Horatio Hickok Co., Burlington, Vt.	175,000
U. S. Steel Products Co., New York City	840,000
Meade, Morrison Co., Boston, Mass.	900,000
Crocker Wheeler Co., Ampere, N. J.	450,000
Platt Iron Works, Dayton, O., and Brownell Co., jointly.	630,000
Lauzon Engineering Co., Levis, Que.	180,000
Dayton Mfg. Co., Dayton, O.	320,000
Worcester Mfg. Co., Worcester, Mass.	480,500
Page & Storms Drop Forge Co., Chicopee, Mass.	50,000
Blake & Johnson Co., Waterbury, Conn.	22,000
Bridgeport White Metals Casting Co.	360,000
Corbin Screw Corporation	100,000
Total	$21,724,400

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE WAR OF 1920

By the Author of "A Trip Through Headline Land"

(Being the Diary of Gustav Bauerfeldt, War Correspondent of the *Berliner Rundschau*)

(Synopsis: In 1920 war breaks out between the United States and the Allies. Gustav Bauerfeldt, War Correspondent of the "Berliner Rundschau," comes to this country to report the war for his paper. On his arrival Japanese and Mexican troops have already invaded American territory. The country is in chaos. England joins the Allies against us. The Allies publish the diplomatic preliminaries of the war, and the English and Japanese White Paper of 1920 are singularly akin to England's published excuse for her entrance into the present war.)

CHAPTER IV.

DESTROYING THE PANAMA CANAL AND THE AMERICAN NAVY.

ON the 14th of July the great American Pacific Fleet was slowly passing through the Panama Canal, the Administration having at last yielded to public opinion.

Ten superdreadnaughts, one first-class battle-cruiser, seven older warships, six submarines, twenty destroyers, four light cruisers, one mine-layer, and sundry colliers, supply ships and hospital ships; one by one they were stepped up the locks, one by one they entered the deep canyon of Culebra.

The tropic sun was sinking in a sanguine blaze as the great *Pennsylvania* and the historic old *Oregon* reached the narrowest part of the Cut. What happened then has been described to me by an officer of the *Arkansas*, which was next in line. A dreadful stillness seemed suddenly to possess the air, a ghastly, dizzy silence, out of which, like a million fiends, there leapt deafening roars of sound; and as if they rushed to a horrid embrace, the two towering walls of the Cut plunged toward each other. In a twinkling the *Pennsylvania* and the *Oregon* were buried beneath countless tons of earth, and all on board found death and their graves in one instant.

The Canal was blocked by a mountain which it would take months to remove—the American Pacific Fleet was cut in half'

By order of Admiral Black, whose flagship *District of Columbia* led the line toward the Pacific, the ships nearest the scene of disaster devoted themselves to the vain work of rescue, while the marines of all the other vessels were hurried ashore, on both banks, with orders to spread in a wide circle and capture whatever suspicious characters they should find. Night closed down; some of the companies stumbled about in the jungle through the dark, others encamped and took up the chase in the morning. Shortly after dawn fifty marines crossed the line between the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama—without knowing it, though they would have done the same had they known—and were fired on from a small native village. Four men dropped, and with an enraged yell their comrades charged. Lithe figures dashed out of one of the huts and disappeared in the jungle. That hut the marines, after vainly searching, set afire, and unfortunately the blaze spread and consumed the whole village. One woman had been accidentally hit by an American bullet, and, unable to move, she died in the flames as the marines passed on. Panaman territory was invaded at other points, and another party of marines, fired on at a village where they were requisitioning food, killed two natives, but missed a Japanese who instigated the native resistance and then fled to the jungle.

Not for many days was it discovered how Japanese spies had patiently dug tunnels from the jungle to the brink of the Cut, drilled numerous broad, deep holes, filled them with the terrible new Japanese explosive "Banzaiite," and exploded the charges from electrical batteries within Panaman territory. Not for months was it known that they had brought overland from Salina Cruz, the Eastern terminus of the Tehauntepec Railroad, the oxygen machines, the silent electric drills, the batteries and the explosives for their deadly work.

With dawn of the 15th came word from the Pacific fortifications of the Canal that they were under bombardment of a powerful Japanese fleet and that the light cruiser *Tacoma*, one of the few American naval vessels in the Pacific, approaching Panama for her expected rendezvous with the Pacific Fleet, had been fired on by the Japs and was speeding to the South before three pursuers. At the end of a morning's chase the *Tacoma* reported by wireless that she was shattered and sinking and had run aground on a lonely beach, and that her surviving crew was going ashore. For seven days nothing was heard of these fugitives directly, but, as we shall see, much was heard indirectly.

The same day it was learned that Japanese fleets and transports were at Manila and Honolulu, and the capture of the Philippines and Hawaii was a matter of their convenience.

The effect of these events in the United States can be better imagined than described. Mobs, composed of all classes of citizens, raged through the streets of the larger cities, vainly seeking Japanese victims, and failing to find them, gathered in huge meetings to demand vengeance. Vengeance—but how was it to be had?

The newspapers could only tell the people to look to England. All day on the 15th, all morning on the 16th, the question was asked, "What will England do?" And the answer the newspapers gave was, "Trust England!" Did not the English have a fleet at Vera Cruz, another at Jamaica? Were there not Hindus at Vancouver, English at Halifax, Canadians mobilized at Montreal?

The papers on the morning of the 16th barely mentioned that the presidents of Panama, Colombia and Mexico had appealed to England against the violation of their "neutrality," in the first instance by the marines from the fleet, in the second case by the crew of the *Tacoma*, who had landed on Colombian territory and were alleged to have committed terrible atrocities on the helpless natives, and in the third instance by Texas Rangers. For, on the 15th, a report had come across the border that a great force of allied Japanese and Mexicans, proceeding North on the National Railroad of Mexico, had reached Monterey. Whereupon two companies of Texas Rangers, stationed on the border by the Governor against the request of the State Department, crossed the Rio Grande with a whoop, not knowing where they would go or what they could do, but determined at last, after seven years of waiting to "go for the greasers"!

The old leaders of discord in Mexico—Villa, Zapata, Carranza, Felix Diaz and the grim Huerta—had long since killed each other off, but there was no lack of lesser bandits to carry on the chief business of the country. Particularly the shrewd, unscrupulous Pasqual Orozco, a veteran of all factions, a leader who always played safe, had risen in these degenerate days, and had held Mexico City for more than a year. It was an open secret to all the world that he was propped in power by the unofficial support of the Japanese and English Governments. The former dealt with him through Viscount Isuki, Resident Chairman of the Consolidated Japanese Company of Mexico; the latter through Major Hawkes, Commander of the Guard of The British Community—the Community being composed of all English exploiters in Mexico, the Guard of about 1,000 adventurers, bandits and cutthroats, white and Mexican.

It was afterward shown that English and Japanese diplomacy had succeeded in getting control of the ruling cliques of Panama and Colombia. In the former case it was bribery; in the latter, threats. The ruling powers of Colombia were told quite frankly

that England and Japan would shortly be in possession of Panama and the Canal, and that Colombia's security depended on her aid in this plot. The Colombian authorities communicated this to the American State Department, where they were begged to hush and never breathe a word about it. Neither the State Department nor the Colombian Government ever did breathe a word about it, but the Latin-American statesmen, overwhelmed with disgust at the spectacle of a great nation afraid to protest against English and Japanese aggression, capitulated to the Allies. So it came about that the protests of three Latin-American Republics against the violation of their neutrality and the commission of atrocities by American forces reached London late on July 15th.

It reminds one forcibly of the prearranged stage-play of ex-King Albert, whom England had so securely in her grip through her power to take or leave his enormous rubber properties!

The afternoon of the 16th came, and for the first time in mad weeks the newspapers in the chief cities of America failed to send out extra after extra. There was a sudden hush in the busy avenues where the newsboys were wont to herald every development, every rumor. The bulletin boards were washed bare. People began to wonder, and questioned each other in tones that betrayed a premonition of something unprecedented.

Suddenly the groups of newsboys gathered about the offices received their awaited bundles, the wagons and automobiles were loaded and rushed off, and through street after street, in a thousand cities of America, the staggering, incredible news was spread:

England Declares War on the United States!

CHAPTER V.

THE RING OF IRON TIGHTENS.

THE situation of the United States after the Sixteenth of July, 1920, was strikingly like that of Germany after the First of August, 1914.

In each case a Ring of Iron, carefully forged around the intended victim by English intrigue, began to strangle that victim.

In each case, foes were pouring over every border while superior naval forces closed the ways overseas. In each case hordes of every color that humanity has assumed were marshalled against a white race and against white men's homes.

There the comparison ceased.

In 1914, the German people, having placed patriotism above politics and the Nation above business, having schooled themselves to act as one in National necessity, having learned in their great democratic army to think and to fight, having developed their Navy scientifically, were able instantly to hold off their foes and to carry the battle safely beyond their own borders.

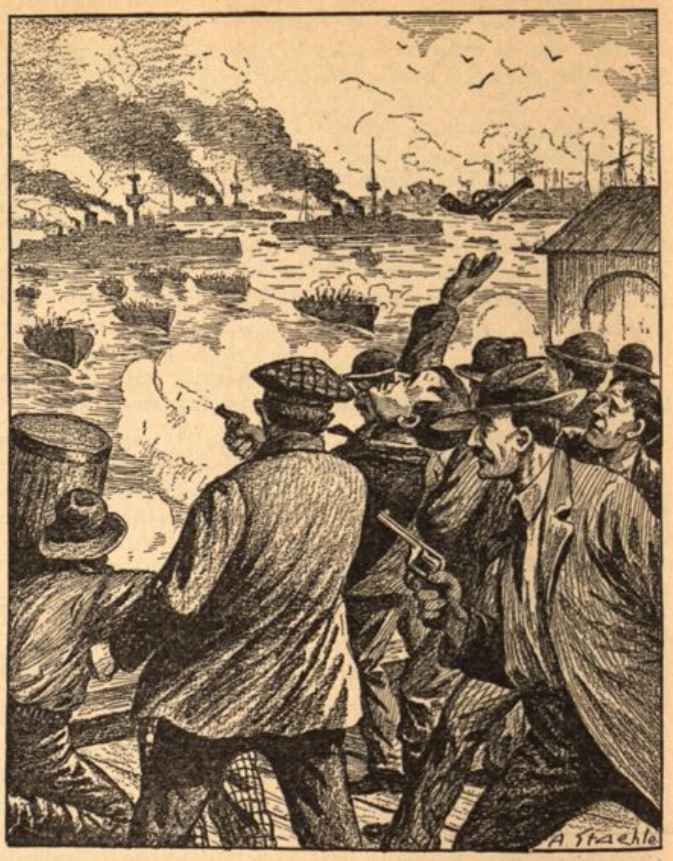
In 1920, the American people, having preferred business and politics to patriotism and Nationalism, having been only too ready to believe the easy doctrines of the Pacifists—who, strangely enough, were always Anglophiles or Anglomaniacs!—beheld the hosts of the foe possessing their soil, their cities, North, East, South and West, and had nothing at hand with which to resist them. The passionate attempts of individuals and little groups to stay the invaders met with the prompt punishment which the Law of War decrees against sniping.

The full rigors of the catastrophe were brought home first to the people of the State of Washington.

All the years of speculation about a Japanese war had failed to warn Pacific Coast Americans that danger really threatened from the North.

There were, on the 12th of July, two divisions of Hindu troops at Vancouver. That day five English transports sailed up the Strait of Juan de Fuca bearing nearly another division, to the great satisfaction of the American people.

At the same time, three hundred miles to the North, twenty big steamers of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, one of the great Japanese steamship lines which are heavily subsidized in order that their vessels, which are specially designed for the purpose, may be quickly turned into transports, entered Queen Charlotte Sound, North of Vancouver Island, and slowly steamed toward Nanaimo, opposite



THE CAPTURE OF SEATTLE

"Desperate citizens were making their . . . defense of their city."

Vancouver, bearing to anchorage there on the 13th and 14th, sixty thousand warriors of Japan, with full equipment. This news was not heralded to the people of the United States, and indeed on the evening of the 12th British Columbia was put under martial law, and no news was permitted to leak out. This was considered by the American people as another step for their protection!

The news of the Japanese ultimatum reached the Coast States on the afternoon of the 12th, and the people, who had exhibited marvellous restraint theretofore, spontaneously began a Jap hunt. Strange to relate, not a Jap was to be found! Silently, unnoticed, they had left the cities; subtly, under guise of harmless picnic parties or by way of paying friendly visits to distant relatives, they had deserted their farms. The people were amazed, but it took days to gather sufficient threads of information to discover that the whole Japanese population of the Pacific Coast had either fled to Canada or swiftly concentrated in three prepared strategic positions in the mountains—three natural fortresses, now guarded by thousands of Japanese, every man of them a trained soldier, a reservist of the Empire! The women and children were adequately sheltered, and every approach was dominated by machine guns and rifles. The Japanese of Washington had fled to Canada; those of Oregon and Northern California had entrenched on a spur of Mt. Shasta; those of the Sacramento Valley and the regions around San Francisco had chosen a series of caves in the Mt. Diablo range, on the border of Monterey and Fresno Counties; those of Southern California were discovered in a glen at the southern edge of the Santa Anna Mountains, in Riverside County. The positions had been selected with great skill, having regard to accessibility from nearby railroads and through river valleys, and were in the highest degree defensible, as the posses which first came upon them discovered to their cost.

On the 16th the Governor of the State was apprised of the situation, and the orders to the State Militia to attack these "alien fortresses in the heart of fair California" were before him for his signature, when the more startling news of the English declaration stayed his pen. With the sanction of the authorities, however, volunteer companies, stern men and venturesome youths, entered upon regular sieges of the Japanese positions. And the Japanese—nearly

twelve thousand trained warriors, amply provisioned, impregnably stationed—easily fought them off and calmly awaited the march of their armies from North and South.

At midnight of July 16th a church bell in the prosperous little city of Bellingham, Washington, startled the sleeping citizens with hysteric tolling. They flocked to the windows, to the streets. And there the incredible rumor ran that the city was in the hands of the enemy! The intrepid and the curious hastened to the railroad, and there, quietly but unmistakably ordering them back, they came upon long companies of little men in uniform, with rifles and fixed bayonets; and beyond, over the iron rails there rolled train after train, darkened, silent save for the plaintive ring of rails under heavy, steady, slow-moving wheels, trains filled with more little men with rifles and bayonets, and with all the equipment of an army. All night they rolled on, to the South, over the rails of the Great Northern; when other trains were overtaken or met going North, the crews were overpowered and the cars and engines added to the rolling stock of the invaders. In the morning the head of the column was proceeding down the Eastern shore of Lake Washington, in back of Seattle.

There was no need of military action against Seattle.

That proud metropolis of the Northwest awoke to look into the grey guns of eight Japanese cruisers in Elliott Bay.

Guided by officers who had often brought the merchant liners of Japan through the channels of Puget Sound, they had left their berths off Victoria, Vancouver Island, where they had arrived on the 15th, and had slid through the dark, past the small and hastily planted mine field in Admiralty Inlet. Seattle was at their mercy.

A flotilla of small boats, in one of which was a captain bearing a demand for the surrender of the city and a ransom of $20,000,000, approached the wharves. A revolver cracked, then another, then perhaps a dozen. Desperate citizens were making their instinctive, tragic defense of their city. A sailor threw up his hands and toppled over, then an officer. The boats were suddenly swung around; sharp staccato orders were given, and little squads of marines in the sterns raised their rifles and swept the wharves with a deadly fire. A dozen men fell; the unarmed spectators fled with cries of horror and rage; but a few men with revolvers crouched behind bales and continued to snipe the Japs as they rowed swiftly forward.

Then a gasp, a cry of horror, rose from everyone who could see the ships; for a whisp of smoke curled from one of the eight-inch guns of the *Kasuga*, the deep bark of artillery sounded, and far off, apparently in a distant residential section, an explosion, whose consequence could only be guessed at with horror, told that the shell had struck home. Before the terrified city had caught its breath, a roar, louder and fiercer than before, filled the air, as the seven six-inch guns in the port barbettes of the *Nisshin* fired in unison; each shell found its mark in a different warehouse in the shipping district, and besides the scores of casualties within those buildings, falling walls and flying masonry killed and injured two dozen people.

It was afterward learned that the victims of the eight-inch shell were a mother and her two children, one of whom was at her breast when the horrible explosion tore them to bloody fragments.

As the cries of agony and despair arose following the volley, the Mayor of the City arrived at the wharves in an automobile, and, jumping out, waved a white pillow-case which he had snatched as he left his home. There was no more firing of big guns or little; the boats drew near, a Captain leapt out and presented the demand for surrender, and the Mayor in a scarcely audible voice submitted. How the collection of the ransom and the looting of the city of all of its stores of food, coal and oil, were carried out; how these things were loaded on every serviceable coastwise American craft in the harbor and sent to Tacoma, and how the vessels were then declared forfeit and sent to British Columbia, need not detain us. Seattle was looted thoroughly—that is the main fact.

(The next installment will describe Funston's victory at Spokane; and the conquest of Texas.)

I AM AN AMERICAN SUBMARINE

I AM a United States Submarine. I am a universally recognized instrument of warfare; I am one of Uncle Sam's weapons when danger shall threaten. I am not in accord with the principle which would limit the scope of my activities as proposed, and in support of which my country may be led into war. I instinctively feel that it is not consonant with a state of war that I must let an enemy escape when it is in my power and in the interest of my country to destroy him. It need hardly be said that the international law which is invoked and whose enforcement against me would produce a condition so unnatural, was framed before my existence, and without a knowledge of or consideration for the character of my structure and the method of my operation. It is not true, as some have claimed, that I may not operate at all where I cannot do so in conformity with the rules prescribed before my advent.

As well might the Knight in Armor have said, "Hold, Gunpowder! inhuman device, you dare not shoot away our ancient rules!"

The validity of an engine of war and its operation rests on what an American statesman, in nominating a great warrior for the Presidency of the United States, called "the arduous greatness of things done."

I hold that international law concerning war has grown out of the conditions of war and the instrumentalities employed; that it is man-made, not God-given; that it is not immutable, fixed as the stars, but is subject to change and annulment.

Who can believe that the rule of visit and search would have been accepted by nations strong in submarines but otherwise weak on the seas, had we, the submarines, been born when the rule was proposed? Who can think that it will be continued in its present form when it goes before the nations, as it inevitably must?

Humanity is the term with which it is attempted to stay my arm against unarmed belligerent merchantmen. I do not know that my enemy is unarmed. I do not propose to take the risk of finding out. I operate in the way that is safest and most effective for me. I ask no enemy's consent.

There is no inhumanity, no "slaughter of the innocents" where there are no non-combatants; and when it is established that whosoever takes passage on a belligerent ship assumes not only the risk of his liberty through capture as heretofore, but now also the risk of his life, he will avoid such ship and humanity will be served by the preservation of both his liberty and his life.

It is as legitimate to prostrate an enemy's commerce by means of submarine activity as to accomplish the same result through fear of capture by the warship. An apt illustration is seen in the fact that immediately after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, her sister ship, the *Mauretania*, cancelled her sailing date—a valid accomplishment by an enemy.

Proclaim now to the world the new dispensation, that the neutral, the non-combatant, must seek his safety on neutral ships. I, unobstructed, acting normally, will then strike my enemy, be he battleship or be he merchantman, that my country may emerge from the struggle saved and triumphant. Shall any one, even the "Ruler of the Waves," frighten me out of protecting my beloved America by mouthing an ancient law?

I submit this to the American people as the inexorable logic of submarine warfare, by the hand of my amanuensis.

R. D. Kohn.

ANOTHER ATROCITY

When that English submarine slipped up to Constantinople, among the craft it torpedoed were a couple of ferryboats carrying non-combatant passengers. Have you noticed the indignation of the American press over this atrocity?

THE FATHERLAND

Fair Play for Germany and Austria-Hungary

NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1915

GERMANY'S GENEROUS CONCESSIONS

THE German note is an inspiring document. The German Government meets the President on the high plane of humanity. Her contentions are unassailable in their logic, unimpeachable in their common sense. We regret that Germany did not dwell a little more on the ammunition problem. For surely such loss as we have suffered through the German submarine campaign is paltry compared with the losses that our murder industry has inflicted upon the Germans. The fact that Germany has not raised this issue emphatically proves to what extent the German Government is going out of its way to meet the reasonable demands of this country.

The friendliness which pervades the note, in spite of our flagrant breaches of neutrality, can be explained only on the supposition that Germany understands the peculiar and difficult position in which the President finds himself in view of the powerful influences arrayed on the side of the Allies. Wall Street, for reasons of its own, largely connected with the business of murder that is sending war stocks up to the skies, is intensely pro-British. "Society," owing to its affiliations both with Wall Street and with Great Britain, is equally unneutral. The two influences, in turn, very largely determine the attitude of the pro-Ally press.

Fortunately neither Wall Street nor "Society" represent the people. Public opinion is not reflected in the New York newspapers. The average American is delighted with the German reply. He realizes that we cannot ask for the cessation of submarine warfare without definitely joining the ranks of the Allies. It makes no difference whether we ask Germany bluntly to stop her naval defensive or if we exact conditions that render this defensive impracticable.

The President, no doubt, fully realizes the heavy responsibility upon his shoulders. In a time like this he should not commune only with himself, but should go out of his way to meet the common people. He should not only consult a theorist of the stripe of Lansing, but men of practical horse sense, like his running mate Vice-President Marshall. The country is against a rupture with Germany. Bryan, Hearst, Hoke Smith, Mann, Knox, Perkins, Nagel, Hannis Taylor, speak not only for themselves but for the majority of American citizens. In that respect they differ from Messrs. Pulitzer, Bennett, Ochs, and Villard.

It is not necessary for the United States to accept Germany's theory of submarine warfare in principle. We can accept the German proposition as a working basis for the present without establishing a precedent for the future. Germany has repeatedly declared her willingness to surrender her submarine campaign if England will abandon her violations of international law. The President may be perfectly sincere in his dealings with Germany, but it is hard to escape the suspicion of partiality if we protest against Germany's tactics while consenting without complaint to insolent interferences of Great Britain with our legitimate trade.

Germany offers safety to American passengers. She offers also safety to innocent American cargoes. She can do no more. Our interests are protected by her proposition. Any difference that remains between us and Germany is purely theoretical from the point of view of the United States. From the point of view of Germany it is a matter of life and death. She can make no further concessions without sacrificing her existence.

We assume that such is also the opinion of President Wilson, for surely he would not have remained in Cornish if in his opinion a crisis was at hand.

WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE SAID IN PLACE OF MAYOR MITCHEL?

IT seems hardly credible that there should be women so fiendish as to desire the continuance of slaughter in Europe with the abettal of the United States. Nevertheless, a committee of persons ostensibly belonging to the gentler sex called upon Mayor Mitchel to remove the poster of the Organization of American Women for Strict Neutrality, headed by Miss N. L. Miller.

> AMERICAN CITIZENS:
>
> UPHOLD the HANDS of THE PRESIDENT in his noble efforts to PRESERVE PEACE by urging that Congress empower him to STOP the EXPORTATION of ARMS and AMMUNITION from the United States to Europe.
>
> THE ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN WOMEN FOR STRICT NEUTRALITY.
>
> BLANK PETITIONS
> Ready for Signature
> may be obtained FREE.
>
> ADDRESS:
> ORGANIZATION HEADQUARTERS,
> Roland Ave., Roland Park, Baltimore. Md.

It may be assumed that the women of the Pro-Murder Committee were not tainted with a pathological craving for cruelty, but that they were defectives, slightly sub-normal on the intellectual and emotional plane, who were misled into a betrayal of their sex by a hankering for publicity and the sinister whisperings of the subsidized press. Fortunately their attempt to throttle the freedom of speech guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States miserably miscarried.

Mayor Mitchel refused to see the delegation. He did not rebuke them, however, but merely stated through the City Counsel that he was powerless to act in the matter. What would Christ have said to these women, in place of Mayor Mitchel? What would these women who no doubt call themselves Christians have said if the Master had silently pointed to His commandment, "Thou shalt not kill"? Would these women have ever dared to lift their faces again at the shrine of Him that was crucified?

A FEW WORDS WITH THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

HIS Excellency, the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, formally called the attention of the State Department to THE FATHERLAND, stating that it forecast the sinking of the *Lusitania* and predicted internal explosions on board of vessels leaving the United States for the allied nations. Without making any request the Ambassador's communication declares that such publications indicated "guilty fore-knowledge of a crime." The Ambassador underestimates the alertness of the State Department if he imagines that he must first call its attention to THE FATHERLAND. THE FATHERLAND is not entirely unknown to the officials of the State Department. It is perfectly true that we foretold the sinking of the *Lusitania*. If that implies a "guilty fore-knowledge," we shared this guilt with the American people at large, in fact with every newspaper reader who saw the warning of the German Admiralty on the fourth of February, 1915, long before the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It is equally true that we have foretold that a fate, not unlike that of the *Lusitania*, would meet other passenger ships by an explosion of the vast stores of ammunition within.

It takes no gift of prophecy, no "guilty fore-knowledge," to make these predictions, but merely the gift of common sense—which the British Ambassador evidently lacks. Any one who fails to heed the reiterated warnings issued by Germany in connection with her submarine campaign must be bereft of his senses. It was a question of common speculation for months that many ships would be blown up by submarines or internal explosions. THE FATHERLAND in reply expressed what was in many minds. Sir Cecil's complaint merely means that the British Ambassador accuses THE FATHERLAND of being well edited. We plead guilty to this indictment. But since His Excellency credits us with a special gift of prophecy, we will make another prediction. We predict the victory of the Germanic Allies and the financial breakdown of Great Britain. We also predict an uncomfortable quarter of an hour or more for the British Ambassador before THE FATHERLAND gets through with him.

We do not believe that there exists, outside of Sir Cecil's imagination, an organized attempt to plant bombs on ships freighted with murderous cargo. The German mind is averse to violence. Naturally we cannot ship millions of bullets to kill the relatives of millions of American citizens without causing reactions in this country. The explosions that have taken place so far are evidently due not to design on the part of pro-Germans, but to criminal carelessness on the part of the Allies. Lack of skilled workmen and the unprecedented scale at which the murder factories turn out their products are responsible for many violations of the rules governing the transport of explosives. Every day the lives of Americans living on the harbor front, traveling on trains or traveling on the ocean, are placed in jeopardy by the need of the Allies and the greed of their agents.

Since Sir Cecil has interested himself so strenuously in our affairs, may we ask him a question or two?

Did Sir Cecil Spring-Rice have a "guilty fore-knowledge" of the clearing of the British warship *Armenian* on Admiralty business from an American port in brazen defiance of American neutrality and with the consequent loss of sixteen American lives?

Does the British Ambassador have a "guilty fore-knowledge" of the recruiting that is constantly going on in every British Consulate of the country?

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice's colleague, Sir M. de C. Findlay, the British Minister to Norway, according to the charge made again and again in these columns, attempted to engineer the assassination of Sir Roger Casement, the Irish Nationalist envoy to Germany. In the same manner Sir Cecil Spring-Rice attempts to assassinate THE FATHERLAND. His Excellency may succeed in impeding the work of the German wireless station at Sayville. He will not succeed in his conspiracy against the freedom of the press. Even the newspapers which attacked THE FATHERLAND most bitterly and which THE FATHERLAND has attacked with equal bitterness would protest against an attempt to introduce English martial law into the United States. In England a man was recently sent to the workhouse for six months for expressing the opinion that Germany was justified in sinking the *Lusitania*. In spite of His Excellency's endeavors, the United States has not yet surrendered its sovereignty.

The United States has before this resented impertinence on the part of His Excellency's predecessors in office. The United States may again resent certain activities of the present representative of His Britannic Majesty. Not all the ambassadors of all the Allies can throttle the free expression of American opinion. They cannot silence THE FATHERLAND, because its voice is the voice of truth.

The British Ambassador's complaint merely proves the straits to which the British propaganda has been reduced by the recognition of an ever-widening circle of American citizens of the duplicity of Great Britain, and of the fact that the interests of the United States are identical with the interests of Germany, not with the interests of Sir Cecil and the clique of un-American snobs who cling to his coattails.

THE CARTOON OF THE WEEK

THE MUCH VAUNTED BRITISH LION

—From the Columbus *Dispatch*.

"AMUSEMENT FOR ADVENTURERS"

By Dr. Edmund von Mach, Author of "What Germany Wants"

SIDE by side with President Wilson's second *Lusitania* note to Germany, a prominent Boston newspaper printed on Friday, June 11, 1915, an article by its Canadian representative, Col. E. W. Thomson, entitled *Amusement for Adventurers.* This article goes as far in lawlessness as anything that has appeared in the pro-Allies press. It is a clarion call to murder and piracy, an appeal to the unthinking Americans of wealth to break through the neutrality laws of the United States, and to enter the fine sport of killing German men.

Psychologically, the juxtaposition of the Wilson note, demanding the cessation of the German submarine warfare, and the Thomson article demanding murder and piracy to free England of the German submarine warfare, is very interesting. The editor must have felt that the underlying note of both papers, which makes of them a harmonious whole, is one of injustice. President Wilson tries to force the application of a new weapon within regulations made before the invention of this weapon. He disregards the feeling of justice, and by sonorous phrases of the rights of humanity endeavors to make his unfair demand plausible.

Col. Thomson, on the other hand, openly espousing the cause of England, light-heartedly sweeps aside the law of the United States, and calls on all good Americans who can afford a forty-foot motor boat to arm it with a machine gun, to go periscope hunting and to drown the German officers and crews.

Col. Thomson's article is almost laughable in its extremity, but unfortunately it was printed by the editor in all seriousness. Its prominent position indicates that the editor saw in it a valuable hint of how the President's wishes could most speedily be carried out. Regarded from this point of view the article infringed not only the laws of Massachusetts and the United States but also the Regulations of the Post-Office Department.

American officials have been very active in enforcing, and often harshly enforcing, every law and regulation that German sympathizers were charged with breaking, and the accused have often been held at such exorbitant figures that bail was impossible.

Within a few days, therefore, of the appearance of Col. Thomson's incendiary article, the attention of the following officials was called to it, and the editor and owner of the paper informed that this step had been taken: The Postmaster of Boston, the District Attorney of Suffolk County, Boston, and the United States Attorney, District of Massachusetts.

The first replied that the matter was not within the province of his office, but offered to take it up with the Department in Washington. This was on June 13th. The regulations of the Department exclude from the mails "matter of a character tending to incite arson, murder, or assassination" and transgressors are severely punished.

The District Attorney of Suffolk County, Joseph C. Pelletier, refused in a letter dated June 22nd, to take any action, and the United States Attorney has taken the matter under advisement. Trusting to this favorable inactivity on the part of the officials who are under oath to enforce the law, and two of them under the immediate direction of President Wilson, the editor of the Boston paper printed on June 25th the following paragraph:

> "The gentlemen adventurers of the United States can have fun periscope hunting this summer—the more the merrier! Surely, even Boer Bryan wouldn't think it any more harm to sink a Berlin-ordered submarine than to sink a shark, everybody's legitimate prey."

Fellow citizens! Have we come to this that the laws on our statute books are silent unless they can be twisted to apply against those who see in England the enemy of the United States as well as of the whole world?

Is there a reasonable man who is not convinced that the full vigor of the law would have been called into force against the writer of the above sentence if instead of "Berlin-ordered submarine" he had written "American-built English submarine," four of which are now lying ready in the Fore River Works, Quincy, Mass.? Or if he had indicated a boat carrying Gustav Schwab, or the man who gets a commission on every bullet shot into the heart of a German youth, J. P. Morgan? These men, and others more, are sharks indeed. Their welfare, however, is the eager concern of our government. Let anybody raise his voice against them in terms such as Col. Thomson has employed against the heroes of the German submarines, and he will quickly find that every officer remembers the oath he has sworn to uphold the law.

These are some of the sentences from Col. Thomson's paper:

Speaking of the Americans killed among the Canadian regiments, and shutting his eyes to the shady practices which led to their enlistment, he says:

> "Some 1,250 Americans are amongst the fifty thousand Canadians already on the fighting line. . . . I like to think of this—don't you? Those young men recognized and acted on their natural right. . . . They ignored all proclamations of neutrality rightly or wrongly issued by their own governments. If some scores or hundreds of American bold hearts take to periscope hunting in their own private, fast motor boats, won't they be doing the decent, Byronic, Garibaldian and and chivalrous thing by way not only of warring on domineering Prussia, but of avenging the murder of American women and babes and men on the *Lusitania?* There is an eminently just and even holy course open to 'gentlemen adventurers' of the Republic."

Do Col. Thomson and the pro-Allies press not know that in the United States murder is murder, and piracy is piracy, and that there is nothing holy about either? That ours is a republic of laws and not of men? And that the vast majority of Americans, wherever their sympathies are in this war, are bound to keep the Republic as the fathers founded it? If their present officers serve them faithlessly, forgetful of their oaths, they will be swept from office and history will know them no more.

THE FACTORIES OF THE GREAT WAR

(*Continued from page* 8)

Rifles for Human Game: Profit $10

Guy E. Tripp, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Westinghouse Manufacturing and Electric Co., officially confirmed the closing of a large order for a foreign government. The order had been placed with the Westinghouse Company by the Maxim-Vickers Gun Co. of England, one of the chief officials of which, Sir Trevor Dawson, came to this country to place the order. The order was for 1,001,250 rifles for the Russian Government. According to the contract the deliveries must begin six months from the date of signing. To fulfill the agreement, the concern must turn out the sixth month 300 rifles a day; in the seventh month, 600 a day; the eighth month, 900 a day; the ninth month, 1,000 a day; the tenth month, 2,000 a day; the eleventh month, 2,500 a day; the twelfth month, 3,000 a day; the thirteenth month, 3,500 a day; the fourteenth month, 3,750 a day. This rate will continue for the remaining six months until all the rifles will have been manufactured. It is understood the price per rifle will be $27.53, netting a profit of $10.00 on each rifle. The entire profit on this order to the Westinghouse Co. will be approximately $10,000,000. It is said that according to the agreement there was placed at the company's credit at the National City Bank of the City of New York one-fourth of the total value of the contract against which the Company would be entitled to draw. The terms of payment are net cash against shipping inspectors' certificates issued by the inspectors on the arrival of the cases in New York. These terms are to remain in force until 75 per cent. of the contract has been executed, when the 25 per cent. advance payment will apply against the last shipment. With the contract for the manufacture of $28,000,000 worth of small arms, chiefly rifles, closed, it is said that the Westinghouse Co. are now figuring on orders in sight amounting to more than $60,000,000.

(In the next article of this series we shall deal further with the vast orders placed in the United States for the tools of death and tell of the enormous investment of capital in an industry tending to foment future wars.)

HELP!

By Frederic Franklin Schrader

ONWARD with pen and ink;
Lay it on thick!
England is all but in;
Russia is sick.
In their extremity—
France and the rest—
Call on Columbia,
Land of the blest:
"Land of the submarine,
Shrapnel and gasolene,
Prayer and church!
Come to our rescue, oh,
Lay these barbarians low;
We're in the lurch.
Submarines everywhere,
Lying in wait,
Sinking our gallant ships
Early and late.
Send us your warships, do,
Send us your fighters, too,
Help or we die!

Rally your wags and wits,
Also your hypocrites,
Libel and lie!
Whoop it up gleefully,
Play it up strong,
Fake, forge and falsify,
Send it along.
Harp on atrocities,
German ferocities,
Do it up brown!
'Tis for the Czarovich
And for King Georgivitch,
'Tis for the Crown!
'Rah for Doc Parkhurst and
'Rah for Poultney Bigelow,
Davis and Eliot
And 'Pro Bono Publico'!
Onward with pen and ink,
Libel and lie,
Falsehood and perfidy—
Help or we die!"

NEWS FROM GERMANY

Germans Are Patriots and Cosmopolites

(Menzel's Remarkable Prophecy in 1839)

By Louis Viereck

THE old saying that no prophet is appreciated at home is remarkably corroborated by the Biography of Wolfgang Menzel, an almost forgotten German author (1798-1873; born in Silesia, died at Stuttgart). "Young Germany," more particularly Boerne and Heine, attacked him furiously so that he was looked upon as a crank and reactionary. But Menzel was a farseeing man. As far back as about 1838 he outlined the direction which the national policy of Germany would have to take. Menzel's political outlines are not obsolete, but perfectly up-to-date in 1915, and are of unusual interest as prophecies fulfilled. The trend of events evolved precisely as Menzel anticipated. Moreover, his counsel regarding the present and future attitude of Germany is by no means old-fashioned and superseded, but quite on the contrary highly instructive and noteworthy despite the lapse of two generations and a half.

Menzel's fundamental idea about the State is as follows. The State must not be regarded as a necessary evil or as a revolting "coercive institution" (Zwangs-Anstalt), but as a moral order which is based on correct notion of duty. But it is indispensable for the State to be German to the core, which, however, does not mean that it should keep pedantically aloof from all foreign ideas. Menzel makes his point clear in a treatise, entitled, "Nationality and Cosmopolitanism" (Volkstum und Weltbuergertum). He reasons as follows:

"In France, a passion for liberty blended with national pride; in Germany, the first fruit of that love of freedom was a contempt of national conceit and haughtiness. In France, Liberty fought under the buckler and protection of humanity in the interest and for the glory of the nation. But Freedom in Germany took its stand outside the national borders, nay, even declared war on the German nation in the name of ideal humanity. . . . But the German nation must, first of all, invest its capital safely if it is to bear interest to mankind. It has always served humanity according to its power, that is the teaching of history." Menzel tells the lukewarm cosmopolitan preachers of peace: "Europe has not yet passed the period of crises and upheavals. That is why Germany should above all develop her practical reason, should keep a sharp lookout in the present time, should form a correct judgment of her external position, her dangers, advantages and strength, and should not indulge in philosophical day dreams and vain speculations. She must strengthen her national character and steel her nerve by patriotic action. . . . The great people of Wodan were the most practical nation of the world, in no wise enfeebled by Christianity or estranged to real life. On the contrary, it was only in the Christian Middle Ages that Germany unfolded her whole national strength as the predominant nation in Europe. Only in later times bureaucracy and school-life have clipped our wings."

Menzel wished to rouse his countrymen from the narrow still-life of a comfortable

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vs.
The Triple Entente

Germany's Case IN THE Supreme Court of Civilization

Dr. Karl Helfferich, German Secretary of the Treasury, reviews the "White," "Yellow," and "Orange" papers, and reaches a different conclusion from that of James M. Beck, holding the Allies responsible for the war.

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humdrum bourgeosie to new world-moving deeds. At a re-distribution of the earth they were not to come off empty-handed as in the 16th and 17th centuries. Menzel expected that turn of affairs only from the lead of Prussia, while Greater Germany, on the whole, represented the unhappy "German confederacy" which had resulted from the Vienna Congress.

In Menzel's opinion Prussia would be perfectly capable of joining Austria to overcome the fatal dualism in Germany without tearing for good the natural tie of friendship with Austria. "It is often said that the Frenchmen of to-day differ from those of olden times, that they want nothing better than a close fraternization with the Germans in order to defeat conjointly the huge Russian colossus. The French, it is said, would love us like brothers, and would respect our rights. And there are still sentimental lovers of light and liberty in Germany whom such flattering words affect. The truth is that France must endeavor to prevent, at any cost, the development of national germs that are inbred in Germany, and that she can never be on our side, and that her own greatness depends on our weakness and dismemberment. France desires the left Rhine bank. Alone she cannot snatch it from us. She can only do so when an opportunity recurs by renewing the policy of Erfurt, the Franco-Russian alliance of 1808. One need not be a prophet, one need only know history, nations and their ever-surviving idiosyncrasies and interests to know what the future has in store, and what inevitably must happen sooner or later. And under such circumstances there are still Germans who dream of a philo-Teutonic or pro-German policy in France! What a tremendous delusion!"

Menzel penned those truly prophetic words in 1839, that is 76 years since, but they have been ignored and disregarded. Those apt words by no means exhaust Menzel's ideas of German policy. He was one of the first to urge the burial of confessional strife, and to recommend national concentration on the raising of a German navy and a far-sighted colonial policy. "What is Germany's attitude to the Eastern question?" asks Menzel. "How can German interests be promoted on the Danubian waterroad and by colonizing activity? What advantage does a rapprochement between Switzerland and the Customs Union (Zoll Verein) offer? What is to be done to encourage and stimulate the German element in Belgium, and to free the German majority from the yoke which the French minority has imposed on it? How is Holland to be taught that her national existence is bound up with Germany's welfare and power? How momentous is the recollection that it was only the mutual self-destruction of the Belgians and Dutch, and again of the Danes and Hanseats, that has handed over the dominion of the seas from Germany to England! The Hansa towns share their one-sided petty retrospective policy with the Dutch. How can they be introduced to an international trade policy which is large and looks ahead? An answer to those questions is more important than the spread of Hegel's philosophy to which modern literature now turns by choice, and with which it blends the renascence of the old Gallomania, the old madness for things French.

It is highly meritorious that Menzel, as far back as the thirties of the 19th century, again and again, called the attention of the Germans (whose political horizon was confined to the inland) to sea power, which united the nations, and that he demanded the building up of a strong German navy. But he was disappointed and complained that his national demands had been little understood in diplomatic circles and among the great majority of the people. The nation, he says, is lacking in a practical political training and therefore unable to see its true vital interests. The remedy, in his opinion, lies with schools which ought to build up a strong national consciousness in future German generations.

In 1843 Menzel wrote an article on "Physical training from the point of view of political economy." In that article he pleaded that youths should be prepared in school for military service, and that Germany should have boy-scouts (Jugendwehr). "In every country parish a drill-master who gives the boys military instruction and physical drill; in every larger town special gymnasia for real drill and military exercise, and where the younger boys might play—that is all we demand. Such things are neither very costly nor for any other reason difficult to carry out. . . . If young men were drilled in that way the State would save much expenditure for the actual military service of adults and would, in case of need, have more military at its disposal than before. At the same time the whole nation would be more efficient, better disciplined and more energetic in its work."

NEWS FROM AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY

ROUMANIA AS A LIBERATOR

By Dr. Ervin Acel-Starnemberg

A NEW would-be liberator is rattling his saber in the south of the Dual Monarchy. Roumania has announced her intention to free the Roumanians now living under the yoke of Austria-Hungary. The hostile world, and even some neutrals who are under the sole influence of the English press agitation, while being ignorant of the true facts, applaud the move of the strongest Balkan State.

To those who wish to form their own opinion, the question necessarily arises:

Will Roumania really be a liberator?

According to the census of 1910, 3,000,000 Roumanians were living in Hungary and 300,000 in Austria. Aside from these 3,300,000 Roumanians, there are over 4,000,000 Hungarians, Germans, Servians and Ruthenians settled in the same territories which the descendants of Trajan now wish to "redeem." The county Csik, for instance, has a population of 98,861 Hungarians and only 10,000 Roumanians. At Háromszék the population counts 100,799 Hungarians and only 17,360 Roumanians. In 1891 Torontál had 186,000 Servians, 185,000 Germans, 98,000 Hungarians, 87,000 Roumanians, 10,000 Bulgarians. The most salient instance, however, is the prosperous city of Temesvár, which is almost entirely German and Hungarian; but both the Servians and Roumanians are eager to "redeem" it.

Should Roumania succeed in acquiring these territories, a far greater number of non-Roumanians would be placed under Roumanian rule than there are at present Roumanians under the rule of Austria-Hungary. Hungarian and German culture would be exchanged for Roumanian culture. Bonds of a thousand years' standing would be broken and large commercial and social interests would be destroyed, with the result that, instead of 3,300,000 Roumanians, now content and prosperous within the Dual Monarchy, 4,000,000 non-Roumanians would be forcibly put under the Roumanian yoke. Only in two cities of Transylvania, with a population exceeding 10,000 souls, does the Roumanian nationality predominate. Hence it would happen that, under the new order, the peasantry, rather than the artisan and intellectual classes, would have the balance of power. Judging from the utterances of the new liberators, one would think that the greatest freedom may be found in Roumania. A few facts will be sufficient to show that this is not so. The Roumanian population is thoroughly agrarian; yet, as much as one-half of the entire arable land is held by a comparatively small number (4,117) of large owners. The laws of the country are obviously in favor of these landlords and compel the peasants to work for low wages (argentayo). The truth of this statement is evidenced by the revolt of the Roumanian peasants in 1907, the greatest agrarian outbreak in modern history. *The International Yearbook*, 1914, says about the Roumanian Jews, that they are "harshly treated." An American editor, who has spent his boyhood in Roumania, once remarked to me:

"The status of the Jews in Roumania is that of a man without a country. He is an alien in the land of his birth, with few social and no political rights. He cannot live in rural districts save by the grace of a charitable or bribed governor. None but the medical profession is open to him; in the army he cannot rise above the rank of a sergeant. He can hold no official position. *Socially and politically he is in a worse position than the Jew in Russia.*"

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Should Roumania conquer a part of Austria and Hungary our now prosperous and contented Roumanians would sink to the wretched level of the Roumanian peasantry, and our Jews, now free and enjoying equality with the other citizens of the Dual Monarchy, would be hunted like animals.

This is the reason why the Roumanians in Hungary have no desire to be "redeemed," and why they are fighting loyally for their country. Under the pretext of helping the Roumanian nationalist movement, Roumanian banks in Hungary grant loans to the Roumanian peasants there; in most cases the banks succeed in securing the mortgaged property and the deluded Roumanian peasant is ruined, but he has learnt what national agitation means at the hand of self-styled unscrupulous patriots. If the American people could have a glimpse into the jungle of national ideas which serve as the guiding principles of Russia, Roumania and Servia, they would feel like taking the whip and clearing the Temple of Liberty.

That the Hungarians of Roumanian extraction condemn the idea of a union with Roumania is demonstrated by the fact that the people refuse to elect Roumanian agitators to the national assembly. Consequently the Roumanian agitators maintain that the Roumanians are oppressed, because they are not adequately represented in the Budapest Parliament. The real issue does not lie in the number of representatives, but in the number of voters. The Roumanians are by no means barred from voting. The present qualification for voting is chiefly based on the taxes paid. Any Roumanian who pays the taxes required by law is an elector, and the Roumanians therefore are represented in the Hungarian Parliament on a footing of perfect equality with all other nationalities. The fact that they do not elect the Pan-Roumanian agitators proves that they prefer the Hungarian yoke to Roumanian liberty.

A CORRECTION

THE FATHERLAND is informed that Mr. Warren J. Clear, the author of the excellent poem on Von Hindenburg, which appeared in our issue of June 16th, is not as stated a student at Boston University, but at Boston College, a Jesuit institution.

THE FATHERLAND
Fair Play for Germany and Austria-Hungary

Edited by
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

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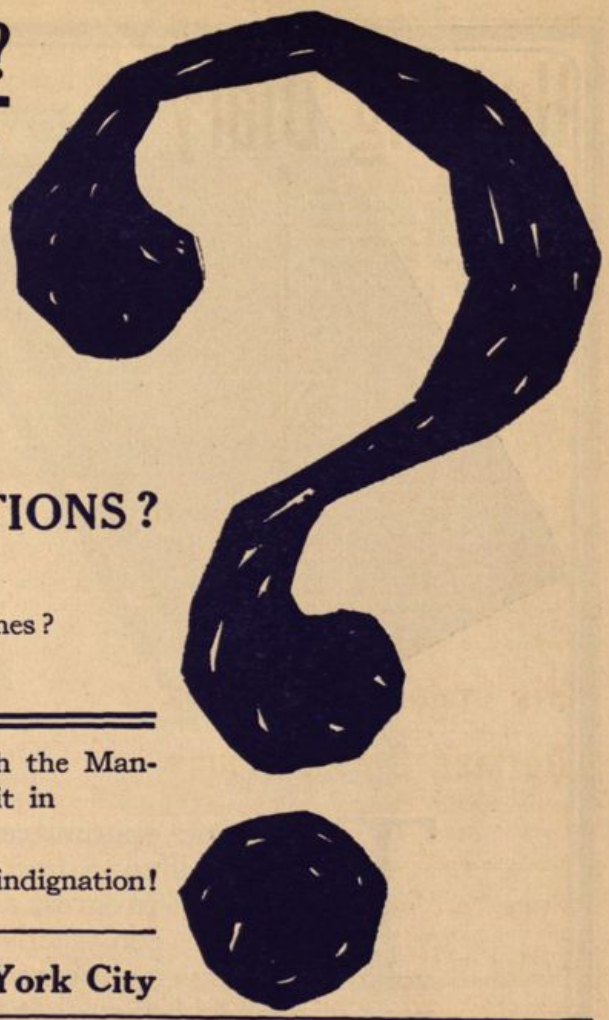

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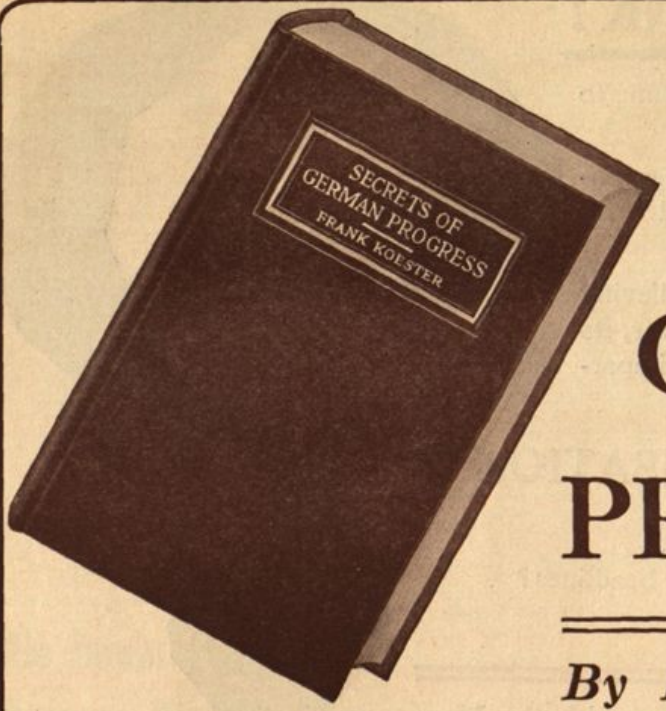

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